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freedom, part of the blame was due to his own weakness, which was born of the very strength of his compassion, and part, also, to his blundering followers, who thought to interpret his message in action before they understood it. Satni, the preacher, fell, leaving the priests to continue undisturbed their tyranny, their deception, their perversion to their own material ends of mankind's most powerful needs and impulses; but, in addition to the gleam of hope on which he closes his play,

M. Brieux has given us the spectacle of one to whom personal failure was not his cause's defeat. In so doing he shares in the spirit of Satni. Satni was not a great poet, a great dreamer; he is not the great conception of a lofty genius. But to have written this play entitles a man to be called a dramatic artist, or poet; and the works of the poets go on enlarging and liberating human nature when the tracts, dramatic or other, are long dead.

*From the London Times.*

### THE CAFÉ OF THE TROUSERS BUTTONS

EVERYBODY knows that a great deal of sugar is sold in Switzerland, where its cost is about the same as in France, while in Germany and, above all, in Turkey it is, so to speak, undiscoverable.

This discovery raised visions of delightful possibilities in the mind of a worthy Swiss merchant who, like other merchants, would be happy to profit by the war and realize a substantial benefit. For, after all, wars like this one do not occur every five years! One must find a way to profit by the occasion. And just then the occasion presented itself to our merchant, who received two car-loads of sugar at the very moment when he read in the *Gazette de* ——, his city, that sugar was selling in Constantinople at twelve francs the kilo.

Our good Swiss could not close his eyes without instantly dreaming that he sold sugar to all the Turks in all the Turkeys. Yes, but . . . When he descended from his dream and resumed contact with the realities, he asked himself how he could send his sugar to Constantinople. There lay the difficulty, because the Swiss custom-house would never allow the cars to pass.

It was then that our merchant received an inspiration of genius. He had his sugar made into . . . trousers buttons and buttons of other kinds.

The transmutation accomplished, the cars, loaded with furnishings for dressmakers and tailors, were allowed to depart for the Turkish capital. And that is why in the cafés of Péra, and also in the harems, one may hear the effendis and the odalisques exchanging remarks like these:

“How many buttons in your cup?”

“Three large coat buttons and two little trousers buttons.”

*From La Vie Parisienne, Paris.*